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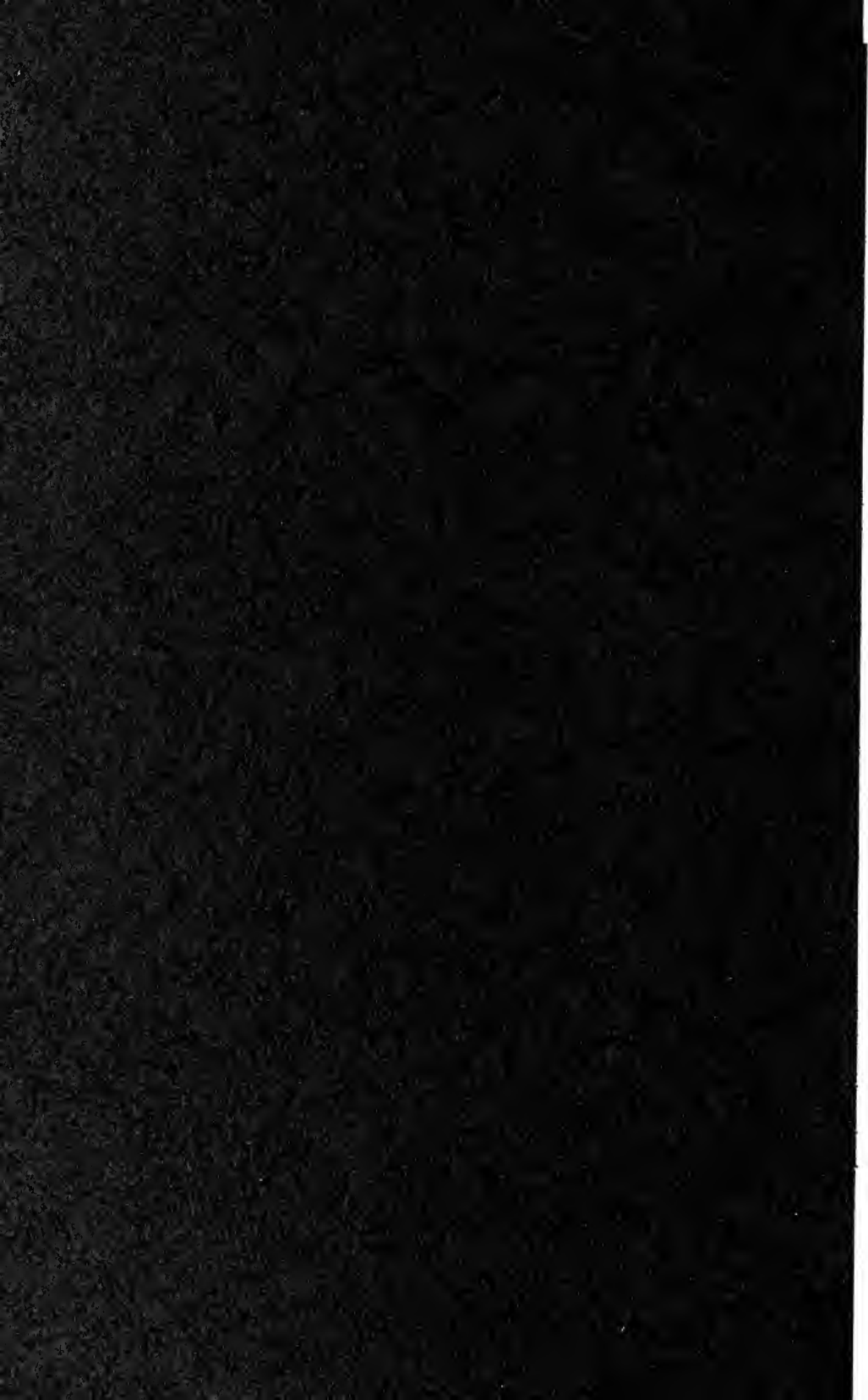
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GIFT  
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PROCEEDINGS ON THE OCCASION OF THE  
PRESENTATION OF THE GOLD MEDAL  
TO THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO BY  
THE REPUBLIC OF FRANCE AT THE HANDS  
OF HER AMBASSADOR HIS EXCELLENCY  
JEAN JULES JUSSERAND.







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The figure consists of two parts. The top part shows a single trial with a single correct response (indicated by a single '1' in a circle). The bottom part shows multiple trials with multiple correct responses (indicated by multiple '1's in circles).

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The figure consists of two parts. The top part shows a single hexagon with its six nearest neighbors. The bottom part shows a larger section of the lattice with various sites highlighted by different symbols: open circles, filled circles, and circles with a cross. Some sites are labeled with letters like 'a', 'b', 'c', 'd', 'e', 'f', 'g', 'h', 'i', 'j', 'k', 'l', 'm', 'n', 'o', 'p', 'q', 'r', 's', 't', 'u', 'v', 'w', 'x', 'y', 'z'.



THE  
MUSEUM

GIFT





San Francisco  
"

PROCEEDINGS  
ON THE OCCASION OF  
THE PRESENTATION OF  
THE GOLD MEDAL

TO THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO  
BY THE REPUBLIC OF FRANCE

AT THE HANDS OF HER AMBASSADOR HIS EXCELLENCY  
JEAN JULES JUSSERAND

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SAN FRANCISCO  
1909

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AMBASSADOR HIS EXCELLENCY JEAN JULES  
JUSSERAND

At half-past ten o'clock in the morning of Saturday, the fifth day of June, 1909, a large assemblage of the people of San Francisco gathered at the Orpheum Theatre for the purpose of viewing the presentation of the Gold Medal which had been designed and struck by order of the French Government as a gift to the City of San Francisco and to the American people in commemoration of the resurrection of that City from the great disaster of 1906.

There were seated upon the stage the Governor of the State, the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the State, the Judges of the Appellate District Court for the First District, the Judges of the Superior Court for San Francisco, the public officials of the City, the Consul General of France for California and other members of the Consular Corps.

The proceedings were opened by the orchestra rendering the overture to the opera of Robespierre.

The Mayor of the City, Edward Robeson Taylor, presented the Ambassador in words, as follows:

Citizens of San Francisco:

We are here assembled for the purpose of manifesting our appreciation of the honor about to be conferred upon San Francisco by the Republic of France through her distinguished Ambassador — an honor, I venture to assert without parallel in the history of cities. I therefore take great pleasure in introducing him to you. Citizens, I present to you His Excellency Jean Jules Jusserand, Ambassador from the Republic of France to the Republic of the United States.

Thereupon, the Ambassador spoke as follows:

I bring to you a message from France.

Since the early days of American independence no great event has happened in this country without awakening a friendly echo in distant France. The earliest message came from that noble-hearted young officer La Fayette who said: "When I heard of American independence, my heart enlisted." The heart of France herself enlisted then, officers and privates, soldiers and civilians.

The feelings thus begun have been happily continued; as has been shown from year to year by such events as the French National Assembly suspending its sittings at the news of Franklin's death, as the whole French nation going into mourning with flags at half mast when Washington died, as the United States asking from France New Orleans and receiving Louisiana, as the sorrow felt at the death of Lincoln and a popular subscription being opened in France for an appropriate token of admiration and sympathy to be offered to his widow; and by many other proofs of persevering friendship.



America has reciprocated these feelings, the intimacy between the two nations has ceaselessly grown, especially since a similitude in institutions has brought closer together the two greatest Republics of the world. When La Fayette died in 1834, the same honors were rendered in the United States to his memory "as were observed," we read in President Andrew Jackson's General Orders, "upon the decease of Washington, the Father of his country, and his contemporary in arms." France will ever remember that when she celebrated by a Universal exposition in 1889, the anniversary of French liberty, only one nation officially took part in the great concourse and that was the United States. She will never forget that when the unprecedented catastrophe of Mont Pelé at Martinique swept to death 35,000 of her sons, no nation came so quickly and so generously to the rescue as the United States. And she will also remember what took place three years ago when according to a law of Congress a medal was struck to commemorate, on the three hundredth anniversary of Franklin's birth, the way in which France had received him when he had come to tell the woes of the struggling thirteen States. As dearly as the gift itself, will ever be cherished in France the words by which one of the wisest, best and greatest of your statesmen, the then Secretary of State Elihu Root, presented it to the representative of France: "Take it, he said, for your country, as a token that with all the changing manners of the passing years, with all the vast and welcome influx of new citizens from all the countries of the earth, Americans have not forgotten their fathers and their fathers' friends. Know by it that we have in America a sentiment for France; and a sentiment, enduring among a people, is a great and substantial fact to be reckoned with."

Deeply moved by such words I rose to reply, and as I was expressing French gratitude, surrounded as I was by men and women representing all that was best and most beautiful in the nation, gathered together at Philadelphia, in the midst of that warmth, friendship and splendor, the thought flashed on me that at that very moment, on the shores of the Pacific, San Francisco was dying. Filled as well as all my nation with sympathy for such misery, I expressed the hope that the next token of the friendship between our two republics might commemorate, not the disaster, but the resurrection of your city so as to recall not only the American nation's sorrow but her unflinching heroism and energy.

When I had thus spoken, on the 20th of April, 1906, we knew but very imperfectly in the East what was happening in the West, but I knew too well the American temper to have any doubt as to what fight against adversity your shores were then seeing, and as to what resurrection they would see later.

It was soon learnt that the inhabitants of the stricken city had behaved indeed in such a way as to make the whole nation proud of them. When an unexpected danger or catastrophe overtakes a man he has sometimes not the tenth part of a second to make up his mind and decide what to do; and the question is an awful one: Will he be a hero? Will he prove a mean thing? His reason, his intelligence, his heart even, have no time to look the circumstances in the face and decide. What is it then that decides? It is his past life.

The past life of a city where pluck, energy, fearlessness are more common than even gold in her banks supplied the decision. In one short hour before dawn all civil life had

been abolished, all wealth had been annulled, all men and women were on a level, dispossessed of everything; it was really the equality of after death that was beginning among the living. All behaved as men and women of heart and honor. Each helped the other. Owing to that inborn gift of Americans, the readiness to organize, a sort of order rose out of chaos; the few troops available under General Funston and General Greeley, who never hesitated to take at the proper moment the proper decision, did, like their commanding officers, splendid work; unsurpassed was the work done by private citizens. The page written by the inhabitants of San Francisco on the moving ashes of their dead city is not one that any wind will ever sweep away.

One of the testimonies which struck me most came from one of my compatriots, unknown to me before, Mr. Thouroude, and it struck me so forcibly not because he was a compatriot, but because he had every reason to be displeased with fate; and not to take an over optimistic view of things. An agent of his company, the "Chargeurs Réunis," he was returning from the Far East; he had lost in the catastrophe all that belonged to him, including the result of the hard work of months; he had to live like so many others under a tent in a state of superabundant companionship. With all those reasons for not seeing things under especially roseate colors, he wrote me:

"Having been one of the witnesses — and of the victims — of the disaster I am in a good situation to tell you of the admirable courage displayed by the inhabitants of San Francisco. I do not think that any people better seized a greater occasion to show their world famous energy, their indomitable faith in the future, their scorn for obstacles and difficulties." Here follows a description of the whole

population of the great city made suddenly homeless, breadless, clothesless, workless: the complete series of circumstances usually leading to troubles and riots. "Instead of troubles," my compatriot continued, "of troubles which would have added to the horror of the disaster, we saw the entire population, all those elements so dissimilar, so little bound as it seemed to show consideration one to another, united in the same quiet preoccupation of saving the little that could be saved, superlatively respectful of other people's belongings. Many trunks of inmates of the great hotels were to be seen stranded and abandoned in Union Square; they could be seen days after still abandoned and still untouched. . . . Martial law, to be sure, proclaimed from the first day, the destruction of stocks of spirits, the closing of saloons, were wise and useful decisions. But let me assure you that a handful of soldiers in so vast an area would have been helpless if there had been nothing more: the real, the foremost, the all powerful protectors of order and property, were before all the people of San Francisco. This is an homage I was anxious to render, as a true witness, to the Americans of the West, for deeds of which the Americans of all America can be proud. All this should be more widely known and I can give you the names of a number of French people of San Francisco who were my companions in misfortune and who would confirm, if there was need, all that I state."

When I had been speaking at Philadelphia, I had not yet received this letter, and I did not know exactly what was going on at San Francisco. I felt sure however that it would be what it turned out to be. And I had no more doubt either as to the future than I had as to the present.

What I thought and said, happened to be so well in

accord with the sentiments of my compatriots that the Government of the French Republic took my words to the letter. I had spoken of a medal to be struck to commemorate the resurrection of San Francisco; the resurrection has become a reality and the medal too; and I have been ordered to cross the continent and offer it to you in person.

And now, let me do so, and permit me, Mr. Mayor, to place in your keeping this work of which one single copy in gold has been made destined "to the American people and the town of San Francisco." One side emblematically shows your city rising from her tomb, and, powerful and handsome as ever, throwing off her shroud; on the other side, the figure of France is seen, presenting a branch of laurel to America.

Accept this gift, Mr. Mayor, and receive it you all, American citizens, in token that what once was, still is; that we French continue, as of old, to feel with you in your moments of happiness or of anguish, and if I may be permitted to appropriate the words of Mr. Elihu Root, let me say, in my turn, that "we have in France a feeling for America; and a sentiment, enduring among a people, is a great and substantial fact to be reckoned with."

Long live your city, and may continuous prosperity be the lot of the American nation.

At the conclusion of the Ambassador's speech the casket containing the Medal was handed to the Mayor.

The orchestra then rendered the Marseillaise, everyone standing during its rendition.

The Mayor then spoke as follows:

MR. AMBASSADOR:

With feelings of pride and gratulation I accept, on behalf of the City of San Francisco, the beautiful medal which your government, through you, has presented to my City, in commemoration of her resurrection from the great disaster which overtook her in April of 1906—a disaster of such vast magnitude as to carry the woe of it around the world, and to set the heart of a common humanity pulsing with new and unexampled emotion. Then, indeed, did the sufferers feel to the deepest depths of their being the insignificance of human power in presence of the titanic forces of nature; and at the same time did they experience, beyond all imagination of theirs, the boundless riches of humanity in the presence of appeal when rising from the ashes and wreck of a great city. So spontaneous, so prompt and immediate, were these riches, not only of needed material things, but of heart-appealing sympathies, that ruin itself became for the time supernally glorified. No wonder, therefore, that with new strength and vigor, and keenly appreciative of the certain great destiny of San Francisco, her sons immediately set to work to restore what had been lost. And fired with noble ambitions and great desires they have gone beyond mere restoration: they have called upon all that is best in modern architecture useful as well as beautiful; they have dared to build with far greater amplitude than before; they have incurred a large debt to replace the destroyed municipal buildings; they are constructing a new sewer system, and are greatly improving the streets; they are proceeding to secure additional water supplies, and as auxiliary to these they are now rapidly building a fire protection

plant which will forever prevent the recurrence of their great disaster.

In commemoration of these restorative labors, unparalleled in the history of cities, you are here bearing in your hands this medal, so beautifully and appropriately designed, and so perfectly and artistically wrought, and with eloquent and sympathetic word you have laid it at the feet of our City—that City which will treasure it as beyond all value and beyond all price. The Atlantic claims Bartholdi's colossal "Liberty Enlightening the World," born of French munificence, and now the Pacific, by virtue of the same munificence, proudly claims this medal, which, though not colossal in size, is yet superb in art. We shall ever hold in grateful remembrance the medals which France has heretofore bestowed upon our country in commemoration of great events, but this one is peculiarly and distinctively our own, and we shall perpetually keep it as such.

Our hearts swell on such an occasion as this with emotions that bear thoughts beyond adequate expression in words. Here the two great Republics of the world clasp hands with new fervidness, with a deeper appreciation of each other, and with a sincerity beyond all challenge, while they see in each other's eyes an undimmed brightness bespeaking all that is best for the future of mankind. And in this our French fellow citizens, who have played such noble and worthy part in all matters of civic concern, join with hearts brimming over with enthusiasm and admiration.

It is altogether fitting, Mr. Ambassador, that you should be the bearer of this medal to us—not alone by reason of your official station, but by reason as well of your valuable literary labors in our own tongue. And in this connection I cannot forbear thanking you for your historic recital of

the principal events in the life of Major Pierre l'Enfant given in your recent address at Washington City on the occasion of the reinterment in Arlington Cemetery of the body of that distinguished man who rendered so many services to our country, not the least of which was the planning, at the instance of General Washington, of our beautiful national capital.

San Francisco begs you will assure your government that it is in no perfunctory spirit she receives this medal, but with a spirit of gratefulness, and indeed of exultation, that so great a country as yours should deem our City worthy of its especial regard and favor. At the same time we cannot but realize that while this medal is given to our own City, it is in large measure a gift to the people of the United States, and truly symbolizes that warm and enduring friendship which has for so long a time existed between your country and mine. Indeed, France and the United States are so bound in the golden coils of that friendship as to make the breaking of them inconceivable. What American can bring to mind the virtual close of the Revolutionary War at Yorktown, where Washington, La Fayette and Rochambeau so perfectly and so successfully co-operated to a glorious result, without being thrilled to the utmost recesses of his being? The alliance of France with the States in their struggle for independence was so inestimable, that even now we are prone to shudder when we think what might have happened had we been without it.

Well may we stir at the name of France—France, that burst the chains wherewith the centuries had bound her, and with an enfranchised people victoriously fronted all Europe in arms; France, that flung athwart the welcoming heavens the noblest political ideal ever seen by struggling



humanity—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity; France, the successor of ancient Greece in appreciation of the value of form, and by reason of this, of her many great men, and of her Academy, influencing Art and Literature so widely and so profoundly, that no other country can be mentioned as a rival; France, whose drama touches every chord of our being, and whose music rolls in waves of triumph throughout the world; France, that gave us the almost superhuman Balzac who alone, of all the sons of men, can be named with Shakespeare; France, that produced in the person of Descartes the father of modern philosophy; France, that has surveyed from innumerable mountain peaks the far, out-reaching territories of Science; France, whose recuperative power in every century of the past, no matter what loss of blood and treasure was hers, has amazed the world; France, whose language is unrivalled in precision of statement, the integrity and purity of which are maintained through the admirable device of her Academy; France, whom every Muse has blest; France, the land of illustrious men whose names are set in the empyrean of the ages, immortal as the stars. To this France, laurel-crowned, and shining resplendent in the forefront of nations, we give the homage of our minds and hearts.

At the conclusion of the Mayor's speech the orchestra rendered The Star Spangled Banner, everyone standing during its rendition.

The audience thereupon dispersed.









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